

THE BATTLE-CRY

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK
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CHARLES
NEVILLE
BUCK

CHAPTER XXV,
Out over the moon was setting.
Soon, thank God, it would be dark
everywhere. The man she loved
needed all the chance that the
dusk-enclosed gloom could give him. It was
terribly quiet now, except for an
occasional whippoorwill call and the quiet
eagerness seemed to lie upon her with
the oppression of something unspeakably
terrifying. The breath of hills
and sky was hushed.

At last there came to her ears the
sound of heavy feet crashing through
the brush, but he had been gone ten
minutes then. Perhaps they had just
awakened to his escape and were casting
bolds stealth for the fury of open
pursuit. She even thought she heard
an oath then, and then it was all quiet
again; quiet for a while, and at the

beginning was being fed by a fresh
outpouring, and as she held him
close to her, her own bosom and arms
were red too, as red as the flower
planted in her hair.

She must stanch his wounds and
pour whisky down his throat before
the flickering wisp of life-flame burned
out.

"Wait, dearest," she said in a broken
voice. "I must get things you
need."

"It isn't"—he paused a moment for
the breath which came very hard—
"scarcely—worth while—I'm done."

But she saw to the cupboard where
there was brandy. She tore linen
from her petticoat and brought water
from the drinking bucket that stood
with its gourd dipper on the porch.

But when she pressed the flask to
his lips he closed them and shook his
head a little.

"I ain't never touched a drop in my
life," he said, "an' I reckon—I might's
well—ain't out—two'n't be long. It's
too late to begin now."

For a while he lay gasping, then
spoke again, weakly:

"Just kiss me—dearest—that's what
I come for."

After a pause he spoke again.

"There's one thing—I've got to ask
you. Why did ye swear—ye didn't care
for me—in court?"

Her head came up and she an-
swered steadily:

"Dearest, I'd never asked myself
that question until the lawyer asked it.
I didn't know the answer myself,
but if I did love you, I meant to tell
you first; it was our business, not his;
I was there to help you, and it
wouldn't have helped you to tell them
that I was fighting for my own heart.
And, besides, I didn't know then,
vile."

She went on bathing and stanching
his wounds as best she could, but a
spirit of despair settled on her. There
were so many of them, and they were
so deep and ragged!

"I didn't come for help," he told
her, and through the grim and blood
flashed a ghost of his rare and boyish
smile. "I'm past mendin' now. I
came because—I'm dyin'—an' I wanted
to die in your arms!"

"You shan't die," she breathed
screaming between her teeth. "My arms
shall always be around you."

But he shook his head and his fig-
ure sagged a little against her knees.

"I know—when I'm done," he said
slowly. "It's all right now—I've done
got here. That's enough—I loves ya."

For a time she wondered whether
he had lost consciousness, and she
laid him down slowly and brought
cushions with which to soften his po-
sition. It was almost daybreak now.

She sat there beside him, and as her
heart beat close to him he seemed to
draw from it some of its abundant
vitality, for he revived a little, and
though his eyes were closed and she
had to bend down to catch his words,
his voice grew somewhat stronger.

"I ain't never felt lonesome—before.
But out there—dyin' by myself—the
last of my family—I had to come.
Dyin' ain't like livin'—I couldn't die
without ye."

"You aren't dyin'," she argued des-
perately. "You shan't die."

"Yes," he said, "I'm dyin'—an' now
the sooner—the better—I reckon."

She bent lower and held him very
gently, close to her heart. "You are
suffering horribly, dearest," she
groaned.

"It isn't that—" His breath came
with great difficulty. "They'll come
back here. They'll get me yet—an' I'd
rather die first."

She laid his head very gently on the
pillows and rose to her feet. In the
instant she stood transfixed. Deep
in her violet eyes blazed such a fire
as that which burns at the

heat heart of a flame. Around her lips
came the grim set of fight and blood-
lust.

The crushed flower on her bosom
rose and fell under a violent tempest
of passion. The skirt of her evening
gown had been torn in her effort to
carry him. Somehow one silk stocking
was snagged above her elbow. His blood
redened her white arms and bosom. She drew a deep breath
and clenched her hands. The dis-
ciple of peace was gone, and there
stood there in its stead the hot-
breathed incarnation of some Valky-
rie hovering over the din of battle and
crying on the fight.

Her voice was colder and stand-
ler than he had ever heard it. She
pointed to the door.

"Get you!" she exclaimed scorn-
fully. "No man but a Harvey crosses
that threshold while I live. I'm a Har-
vey now and we live or die together.
Get you!" Her voice broke with a
wild laugh. "Let them come!"

No bitterly-bred daughter of the
hills was ever so completely the
mountain woman as this transformed
and reborn girl of the cultured East.
She moved about the place with a
steady, indomitable energy. With
strength borrowed of the need, she
upset the great oaken table and bar-
ricaded the door, laughing as she
heard the clatter of pedagogic vol-
umes on the floor. For's "Book of
Martyrs" fell at her feet, and she
kicked it viciously to one side.

She went and stood before her rack
of guns, and her lips curled as she
caught up a heavy-calibered repeater
with all the fierce desire of a gunbard
for his drink. She stood there loading
rifle and setting them in an orderly
line against the wall. She devastated
her altar of peace with the untamed
joy of a barbarian sacking a temple.

It was an almost lifeless tongue
that whispered, "I was scared—
that I—wouldn't get here."

Then as she staggered under his
inert bulk he tried to speak again.
"Just help—drag me."

The few steps into the hall made a
long and terrible journey, and how
she ever got him, half hanging to
bar, half crevicing, stopping at every
step, she never knew. Still it was
done at last, and she was kneeling on
the floor with his head on her breast.

No wonder they had left him to
dead and gone away content. He
looked up and a faint smile came to
his almost unrecognizable face. The
blood which had already dried and
settled with the dust through which he

had also turned and saw in the
man's eyes a wild glow of admiration
that burned above his fever, and she
said to him once more, "Now let 'em
come."

He shook his head, but strangely
enough her love and awakened ferocity
had strengthened and quickened
him like brandy, and he pleaded:
"Bring me over where I can get just
one shot."

Then Juanita blew out the lamp and
stood silent in the hush that comes
before dawn. She did not have to
wait long, for soon she heard hoof-
beats in the road, and they stopped
just at the turn.

"Hello, stranger!" she shouted, and
it took all her strength to command
her voice. "Halt where you are."

There was an instant's silence in
the first misty gray that was bringing
the veiled sunrise.

A stifled murmur of voices came
from the road, and she caught the
words, "He's in that all right." A
moment later someone called out suddenly
from the shadows:

"We givin' yo three minutes for
leave that house. We're a comin' in,
an' we'd rather not see harm ya. Git
out quick."

"Yo can't save me, dearest. It's
too late. For God's sake, go out,"
pleaded Anse Harvey tensely.

She turned his head over and laid her ear
to his heart.

It was still breathing. The rifle had
only jolted his weak and pain-racked
body into unconsciousness, and as she
held his head to her breast her eyes
went about the room, where the pal-
id light was stealing now, and by the
mantel she saw hanging the horn that
Jerry Fyreson had given her.

Why had she not thought of that
before she asked herself acutely.
Why had she not sent his call for
help out across the hills long ago?
Then there came back to her mind the
words of the mountain man when he
had brought it over and had invited the
Harvey battle-call.

"Don't never blow that unless yo
wants ter start hell. When them calls
goes out across the mountains every-
where they kin tote a gun's got ter
git up an' come."

If ever there had been a time when
every Harvey should come it was this
time. She laid Anse's head once more
on the cushions and went to the man-
tel. Then, standing in the door, she
drew a long breath.

She set the horn to her lips and
blew. Out across the melting vagueness
of the dim world floated the three
long blasts and the three short ones.

She waited a little while and blow
again. That signal could not reach
Anse Harvey's own house, because the
ridge would send it echoing back in a
shattered wave of sound. It would be
better heard to the east, and after a
time there came back to her waiting
ears, very low and distant, yet very
clear, an answer.

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They had only fifty yards of clear-
ing to cross, and the girl, clutching
behind the overturned table, did not
know how strong these numbers were.
She knew only that through every ar-
tery ran a white fire of passion and a
longing to avenge. She meant to make
her shrill of disarmament a crater of
death under whose lava no human
life could endure. She remembered
the caution of a man with whom she
had once shot quail: "Take your time
when they rise and pick out your
birds." Now Juanita Holland meant
to pick her birds.

She saw figures climbing the fence
in shadowy, almost impalpable shapes,
and as the first dropped inside and
started on at a crouching trot she
aimed quickly but steadily and fired.

A little cry of primitive and savage
joy sprang from her lips as she saw
the man plunge forward in the half
light and lie there rolling on the
ground.

But at that warning the others
leaped down and came on at a run.
The traps quickened and became con-
fusing. They were firing as they ran
and their answering bullets pelted
against her barrier and over her head
on the walls. She heard window panes
shivering and glass falling, and yet
her elation grew—two more advancing
figures had crumpled into inert
masses. Unless there were re-enforce-
ments she would stem their oncoming
tide. Even mountain marksmen can-
not target his shots well while he is
running and under fire. It takes
bravery to springing to do fifty
yards in five seconds—on the smooth-
ness of a cinder path.

Up-hill in a constant spit of fire
and lead it requires a little longer.

There were only two left now, and
one of them suddenly reared and
made for the cover of a tickery trunk
of to one side—he was in full flight.

But the other came on, throwing
the rifle away and shifting his heavy
muzzle pistol to his right hand.

"I'm afraid," he told her gravely.
"I'm afraid it's too late. He kin't
hardly live."

"Get Brother Anse," she insisted
wildly. "Get him quick. I'm going to
be his wife." Her voice broke into a
deep sob as she added: "If I can't be
anything else, I'm going to be the
Widow Harvey."

And when Brother Anse came he
found Anse still alive, smiling faintly
up into the face of the woman who
sat with his head in her lap.

"I'm sorry," said the missionary
simply, "that ye hasn't got a preacher
that kin marry ye with due cere-
monies, but I reckon I hasn't never been
gladder ter do nothin' in my life—er
only he kin't well."

"Brother Anse," Juanita Harvey told
him, as she put a hand on each rough
shoulder. "I had rather it should be
you than the archbishop of Canterbury."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

People in the mountains still talk
of how, while Anse Harvey lay on a
white cot in the little hospital, young
Milt McBriar sat out toward Peril. He
waited for a moment at the house of
Bad Anse Harvey, and within twenty
minutes the hills were being raked.

Young Milt killed a horse getting to
Jeb McNash's cabin on Tribulation
and Jeb killed another getting to
Peril. Then from Lexington came two
surgeons as fast as a special train

could bring them, and, thanks to a
dogged life spark, they found Anse

Harvey still lingering on the margin.

When they removed him from the
operating table back to his cot and
he opened his eyes to consciousness,
the sun was coming through the shad-
ed window, but even before he knew
that, he saw her face bending over
him and felt cool fingers on his fore-
head.

As his eyes opened her smile greet-
ed him, and she brushed his lips with
her own. Then, in a tone of com-
mand, she said: "You mustn't talk.
The doctors say you may get well if
you obey orders and fight hard. It's
partly up to you, Anse."

Once more there hovered around
the man's lips that occasional boyish
smile.

"I reckon," he said slowly, "they'll
have the hell of a time killin' me
now!" Then he added in a tone of
more grimness: "Besides, there's a
score or two to settle."

The girl shook her head and smiled.
Fingers rested caressingly on the
dark hair that fell over his forehead.

"No, Anse," she told him. "I settled
most of them myself."

Even the detachment of the murder
squad that had played its part in the
woods and started for Peril before
the fire turned back did not reach
their destination, but scattered into
the hillsides. When morning brought
the news of their attempt they tried
to make their escape across the moun-
tains to Virginia.

But there was a grim and relentless
system about the movement of two
poses that set out to comb the timber.
Daring to approach no house for
food, the fugitives united and took up
their stand in a stanch log cabin
which had been deserted, and died
there, grimly declining to surrender.

Of course the railroad came up Tribu-
lation and crossed through the notch
in the mountains at the gap, but the
railroad came on terms quite different
from those which Mr. Trevor and his
wife had planned.

One day there rode away from the
college a gay little procession on its
way to the McElrath domain. At its
head rode Young Milt, and on a pinto
he had been riding, an' mountain bries
had always ridden to their own houses,
and Dawn McElrath. That was
some years ago, and at the big log
house there was a toddling, tow-headed
young person now whose Christian
name is Anse Harvey, though his
father insisted he is to be ultimately
known as "Bad Anse" Mother.

One autumn day, when the air was
not full of sparkle as champagne, and
the big sugar tree just outside the
hospital window was flaming in an
array of color, Miss Dawn Harvey
opened her eyes on the world and
found it acceptable.

Jeb McNash was riding through the
country that October seeking election
to the legislature.

He drew his horse down by the
feet.

"Anse," he said in his slow drawl,
"It's a pity she's a gal now, isn't it?"

Anse shook his head. "I reckon,"
he said, "she's got more chance to be
like her mother. Her mother made
these hills better for being here, and
besides she is to be ultimately known
as 'Bad Anse' Mother."

He looked cautiously about and
dropped his voice, as if speaking of a
forbidden subject, yet into it crept a
note of pride. "Besides, young fellow,
have you got any more notches on the
stock of your gun than she has?"

THE END.

Busy Intervals.

"The women at this resort seem to
pose on the beach all day and dance
all night."

"I don't think so."

"Why not

Established by Franklin in 1790.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, December 18, 1915.

It took forty thousand men to clean up the streets of New York city after the blizzard of last Monday night.

The Malmo shooting season is over. Some ten thousand deer have been killed and the usual number of hunting.

For the year 1916 up to Dec. 11 immigration to the United States totaled 116,242, a reduction of 808,397 compared with 1914 and of 1,230,453 compared with 1913.

Since the war began the population of Bridgeport, Conn., has increased from 115,000 to over 160,000 due to war boom. Savings bank deposits have increased 75 per cent, and the pay rolls have increased many fold.

The sentiment of the Republican National committee that met in Washington this week was largely for Justice Hughes for President. It begins to look as though Hughes might be conscripted into the service.

It is estimated that 700 motor cars are leaving New York every week for Europe. The total value of motor vehicles exported from the United States during the year ended Dec. 1 is \$100,000,000, a gain of \$20 per cent. over the preceding 12 months.

We went to war with Great Britain one hundred years ago, because she searched our vessels on the high seas and impressed men found on those vessels into her service. Where is the spirit now that allows France to do the same thing almost without a protest?

Several members of Hayard's faculty have received letters from relatives in Germany asking that wheat flour and other foodstuffs be sent them by parcel post. If the Kaiser should learn of this it would be confiscated before it reached the parties to whom it was sent.

As was to be expected Chicago has been selected as the location of the next Republican Convention and June 7th is the date. The conventions and primaries will begin to be held in the various States soon after January 1st. We shall soon be in the throes of another great national campaign.

Conditions in Mexico are said to be worse today than ever. From 200 to 400 persons a day are dying of starvation in the City of Mexico; typhus is epidemic in many cities, and the Red Cross is helpless because its agents were driven from the country Oct. 21, the day President Wilson recognized Gen. Carranza.

Senator Tillman, the South Carolina pitchfork Senator, says in reference to President Wilson's proposed stamp tax on bank checks, "Every time a man wrote a bank check he would have to lick a stamp and curse the Democratic party." If that was the only thing to curse the Democratic party for, much could be forgiven.

All the big nations of Europe being at war each belligerent takes every means possible to injure its opponent, and the neutral power that gets in the way is not considered to have any rights that a belligerent is bound to respect. The college President in the chair of State can write letters but that is apparently all it amounts to.

It is said that the great and only Theodore, who once was President of this great Republic, conceived the plan last summer to equip an army of 12,000 cavalry make a dash through Russia and join the Allies in the campaign against the Germans. He then claimed to think that this country was sure to get into the war against Germany and so he planned to be in the fore front of it.

Secretary Lansing, backed by the President has written a pretty sharp letter to the Austrian government in regard to the murder of women and children on board the *Ancon*. What good will it do? Austria will probably pay no more attention to it than has Germany to the many demands the President has made on her or has England to his protests against her unwarranted interference with neutral commerce, or has France to the protest against her search of American ships engaged in lawful trade. The single fact is, England, Germany, France and Austria do precisely as they please as concerns anything or anybody belonging to Uncle Sam on the high seas, and all the punishment they get from our government is a beautifully worded letter of protest which apparently soon finds its way in the belligerents waste basket.

Not a single demand made by President Wilson on any of the belligerents has been heeded. Not a single cause of complaint has been remedied. England has held up our commerce and seized our ships, France has invaded the vessels bearing the United States flag and taken off sailors claiming them to be Germans. Germany and Austria have sunk vessels bearing Americans and caused the loss of many lives of American citizens and the President writes letters and the country remains in suspense for weeks afterwards fearful that something has been said that will cause war, when in fact the only things apparent are a few evasive letters in reply.

Almost Incredible Action.

The French cruisers that have overhauled American ships and taken them from men in the employ of United States people, have committed a most flagrant act, and one that cannot be condemned in too strong language. The silence of the United States officials on this matter cannot be accounted for. It is, however, but right to assume that the Washington authorities will wake up some time and write a letter to somebody on the subject.

When Capt. Wilkes of the American man-of-war *San Jacinto* overhauled the British mail steamer *Trent* on November 8, 1861, and took from it Mason and Slidell, paid agents of the Confederate States, with their secretaries, McFarland and Hustis, the United States was forced to slavagize his action and provide for the expeditious return of the prisoners to their original destination.

Capt. Wilkes consulted all the law books at hand and could find no case covering the facts. He found that persons under certain circumstances were "contraband," but he could not find any method provided for "condemning" them. Military dispatches could be relied as contraband. He found none on the *Trent*. But he concluded to regard the commissioners themselves as "living dispatches." He brought much embarrassment on his government, as a consequence.

Since the *Trent* affair there is not the excuse of lack of precedent which palliated Capt. Wilkes' offense. Every naval officer in the world knows about the case of Mason and Slidell. After a perfunctory defense, Secretary Seward frankly confessed that the British contention was right. The American cabinet was unanimous on the subject. The searching of the *Trent* was more justifiable than the reported conduct of the French officers. Mason and Slidell were known to be on a mission of so much importance that the Confederacy was paying their expenses. The persons now being taken from American vessels are not soldiers, spies or diplomatic agents. They are merely private citizens whose safe passage had been guaranteed by ships under the American flag. The seizure of such persons would constitute an insult to our flag.

**WILSON SECURES
WEDDING LICENSE****Pastor of Mrs. Galt's Faith Will Perform the Ceremony**

Washington, Dec. 17.—President Wilson's marriage license, issued at the local municipal bureau, disclosed that the ceremony Saturday night will be performed by a clergyman of Mrs. Galt's faith, Rev. Herbert S. Smith, rector of St. Margaret's Episcopal church. The president is a Presbyterian and an elder in his church.

Too hecuso was issued to Col. Usher Hoover of the White House staff. In the application the president's age was given as 59 years and Mrs. Galt's as 48.

The wedding ceremony will be performed at Mrs. Galt's home Saturday night. The hour has not been announced, in keeping with the desire of the couple to have the affair strictly private. It has not been disclosed where the bride and groom will go on their honeymoon journey or when they will leave the capital.

Their plans have been carefully made to avoid publicity. The general impression among friends, however, is that the honeymoon will be spent somewhere in the south.

Probably no one outside the immediate members of the wedding party knows much about any of the arrangements or the bride's trousseau or the gifts she has received.

CLUBBED AND ROBBED.**Aged War Veteran Murdered In Home Where He Lived Alone**

Great Barrington, Mass., Dec. 16.—Lafayette Battelle, 80, a Civil war veteran, who lived alone in a small farmhouse, was found dead in his bed, a victim of murder. He had been bound and gagged and tied to the bed and a wound at the back of the head indicated that he had been clubbed.

Battelle is believed to have been the motive. Battelle received a pension payment amounting to \$90 last week, and also drew \$40 from a bank. The money is missing, together with everything else of value that his wife home contained.

The medical examiner said he had been dead three or four days.

REAL CHRISTMAS GIFT**Crane Company to Share More Than \$700,000 Among Employees**

Chicago, Dec. 17.—Officials of the Crane company announced that the company's annual Christmas gift to its employees will consist this year of 10 percent of the annual salary of each man or woman employed for more than six months.

One thousand employees throughout the country will share in the company's gift, which will total more than \$700,000.

Burke Wants to Be Senator
Grand Forks, N. D., Dec. 17.—John Burke, treasurer of the United States, will be a candidate for United States senator from North Dakota. Burke served three terms as governor of North Dakota.

Hans Gross, 68, one of the foremost of criminologists and originator of the Gross detective system, died at Gruen, Ger.

Fifty Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of December 18, 1861)

A NEW WATCH HOUSE.

The subject of providing a watch house better adapted to the requirements of our growing city is in the hands of a joint committee of the city council, and we notice by their report made at the last meeting that the old Market building on Ferry Wharf is recommended, and we believe the Marshal and Watch men favor the project, but his Honor the Mayor prefers the location in the neighborhood of the City Hall. With all deference for the opinion of Mayor Cranston we cannot concur with him, as the building named is centrally located, of no use to anyone, but on the contrary has been a nuisance for a number of years. It is in charge of the city and should be put to use rather than the city expend a large sum to procure a site elsewhere.

THE NEW YORK BOATS.

The Boston, Newport and New York Steamboat company have placed on the route the new steamer Old Colony, and she is pronounced by passengers to be the best boat, all things considered, that has ever run on the Sound. Her first trip from New York to this port was made in ten hours and a quarter, which proves that she has speed. The Old Colony and the Empire State will form the winter line, and as the latter boat has had new boilers and has been thoroughly overhauled and put in complete repair, the Company have two reliable boats.

The two new boats for the Bristol line are being built by W. H. Webb of New York, and are to be about the size of the new steamer Old Colony. They are expected to be ready for service in July. They are to be called Providence and Bristol.

There is no other sidewalk in our city that is used so much as that on the north side of Long wharf, and there is no one in so dilapidated a condition. There can be no doubt but that some individuals or corporation should be made to remedy this evil, and it is very certain that as it is a public thoroughfare the City Council should ascertain who is responsible and order the work done. The public have waited patiently two years for the Trustees of Long wharf or the abutters to "mend their ways" and unless the Council take the matter up they will have to wait two more years.

Since our article two weeks since in regard to coal from the Portsmouth mines, a large number of our citizens have commenced burning it, and find that the parlor stoves now most in use are well adapted to its combustion, and with the price at \$8.60 the ton and double the heat, Pennsylvania coal is too costly to use. By another winter it will be necessary for our dealers to keep a supply on hand.

The project of procuring a steam fire engine was defeated by the board of aldermen, but this was understood to have been done that the subject may be once more submitted to the people, as it is believed that they are in favor of purchasing one, and not two.

Two companies of the Fifteenth Infantry left Fort Adams Thursday evening for Mobile. There are yet some 350 men at the Fort belonging to the same regiment, and it is rumored that the headquarters of the regiment will be moved South before March.

A new lighthouse is to be erected on Block Island at a cost of \$15,000. Owing to the gradual washing away of the Island it will be put in a new location.

Twenty-Five Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of December 20, 1890)

THURSDAY'S STORM.

The cold snap of the earlier part of the week wound up Wednesday night with one of the severest rain and wind storms of the year. The four and five inches of ice at Easton's pond, which had furnished excellent skating for several days and evenings, and which promised an early harvest for the various ice companies, was destroyed, and the efficiency of the telephone and telegraph wires was greatly interfered with. Some of the side streets were more or less washed out, but no serious damage was reported.

Mr. George Cole Stevens, formerly of this city, has just completed the plans and specifications for the water works at Ironwood, Wisconsin, of which he is chief engineer. Ironwood is one of the rapidly growing towns of that State.

The late August Belmont possessed a collection of works of art that is valued at more than one million dollars.

BLOCK ISLAND.

Mrs. Daniel Mott.

Annie Maria Mott died Sunday, Dec. 12, 1893. She was born on Block Island Sept. 21, 1850, daughter of the late Loxy Sprague and Anderson B. Dickens. She is a direct descendant of the Dickens family who settled here about fifty years after the Island was settled.

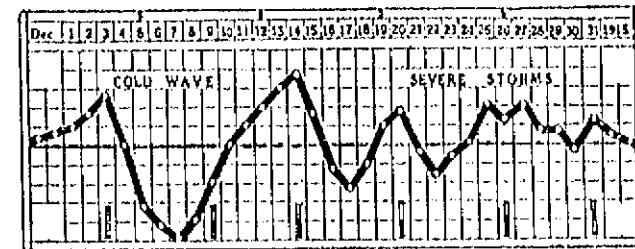
In the year 1868 she joined the First Baptist Church, was baptized by Rev. Mr. Baker, and has always lived her life, keeping the true standard of Christianity as the motto of her daily living. On June 27, 1876, she married Daniel Mott who has been first Warden of the town of New Shoreham for the last 23 years.

Although sick about ten weeks she was not considered dangerously ill until a few days before her death. She is survived by her husband, one daughter (Mrs. Lola Toms) and a brother, Lowell H. Dickens.

The funeral took place Thursday from the home where she had lived since she was married forty years ago.

The German government is endeavoring to secure all the gold placed in German safe deposit vaults since the war began by urging the banks to serve notice on renters of space that unless patrons sign a declaration that the vault drawers contain no gold they cannot renew expiring rents.

It is reported that President Wilson's plan to put a tax of 50 cents a hour power on automobile and internal combustion engines and one cent a gallon on gasoline will be abandoned. There is likelihood too of the Administration dropping its suggestion as to a tax on pig iron and steel.

WHAT'S BULLTIN.

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December temperatures will average lower than usual. Lowest temperatures during the week centering on December 7 and highest during the week centering on December 14. Storms will not be severe and not much probability of earthquakes. Precipitation much the same as for October. Most severe storms during week centering on December 25. Generally good weather for picking cotton and gathering corn.

Treble line represents reasonable normal temperatures, the heavy black line the predicted departure from normal. The black line tending upward indicates rising temperature and downward indicates falling temperature. Where the heavy temperature line goes above normal indications are for warmer, and below cooler than usual. The line indicates when storm waves will cross meridian 90°, moving eastward. Count one or two days later for east of meridian 90°, and one to three days earlier for west of it. Warm waves will be about a day earlier and cool waves a day later.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 10, 1915.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Dec. 18 to 22, with a 17 to 21, cool wave 20 to 21. This will bring some increase of precipitation, particularly in eastern sections but this precipitation month—Dec. 12 to Jan. 10—is expected to be deficient in moisture, particularly east of the Rockies. This storm will be of moderate force on Pacific slope but will increase as it moves eastward, beginning a dangerous storm out on the Atlantic about Dec. 21. Bad time to be on the Atlantic ocean.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Dec. 23, cross Pacific slope by close of 29, central valleys 30 to Jan. 1, eastern sections Jan. 2. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 28, central valleys 30, eastern sections 31. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 31, central valleys Jan. 2, eastern sections Jan. 3.

This will be about an average storm for this month but we are now at the beginning of the great storm year of 1916 and the storm forces will continually be of greater intensity than the average of many years. Out on the north Atlantic this will be a severe storm about Jan. 4.

Indications are that January will average warmer than usual but greater extremes are expected. The weeks centering on Jan. 5 and 20 are expected to average unusually warm, the week centering on January 12 colder than usual and the week centering on Jan. 27 excessively cold. Most severe storms during weeks centering on Jan. 5, 20 and 22. The precipitation month will change from dry to wet east of the Rockies about Jan. 10, but the wet will continue east of the Rockies and in South America. Severe cold waves are expected not far from Jan. 20 and 25.

Another disturbance will reach Pa-

PORSCHE.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

The regular monthly meeting of the Town Council and Court of Probate was held Monday afternoon.

In Town Council, several peddlers and other licensees were granted.

Bills for damage done by dogs to hens belonging to John B. Gorton, \$41.10, and to Mrs. Alphonse Vayo, \$6.40, were ordered paid.

A communication was received from the State Board of Public Roads agreeing to repair the culverts at the foot of Sprague street as soon as the required pipes arrive.

Voted, to approve the removal of the town's note of \$5000, by the Town Treasurer.

Voted, to authorize the town clerk to draw an order on the treasurer for \$75, the balance of the town's appropriation for the support of the Public Library, Lou F. Greene, and Sydney Smoot were appointed police constables.

Jacob Marx, having failed to qualify, was again appointed auctioneer.

As the General Laws require every school to have an American flag, it was voted that the case of the flag presented to the town by the Daughters of the American Revolution be transferred to the Quaker Hill School.

Voted, that the clerk be authorized to procure cards necessary to make an index of births, marriages and deaths.

Voted, that the town sergeant be authorized to procure badges for peddlers and junk dealers, who shall be required to wear such badges.

A number of bills were received and ordered paid.

In Probate Court the fourth and final account of George P. Hall, guardian of the persons and estates of Marion P. Hall, now of full age, and Herbert Hall, continued to this time was laid on the table until such time as the parties shall come to an agreement.

A petition from a creditor of the estate of Manuel T. Brazil asking that John C. Burke of Newport, be appointed administrator of the estate was referred to January 10.

George R. Hicks, executor of the estate of Benjamin Tallman presented the first and final account with the estate of Joshua S. Fish, which was referred to January 10.</p

PLAN ATTACK AT SALONIKI

Supposed Intention of Forces of the Central Powers

ALLIES STRONGLY REINFORCED

Italy to Send Assistance to Serbians and Montenegrins—Teutons Dicker-
ing With Greek Government, but
Latter Objects to Bulgars and Aus-
trians Crossing Her Frontier

London, Dec. 17.—The belief is growing in military circles here that the German forces are preparing to attack the Anglo-French armies at Saloniki, despite the announcement that the Italians have effected a landing on the Albanian coast and that the Anglo-French forces, which have fallen back toward Saloniki, have been strongly reinforced with men and guns, including some heavy naval weapons.

It is not stated how large a force the Italians will send to the assistance of the Serbians and Montenegrins, but from the fact that the official recent intimations that landings have been made at more than one port, it is taken for granted that an army of considerable proportions is to be sent across the Adriatic.

Thus, with the Montenegrins and Serbians who escaped into Albania, will be a serious threat to the central powers' right flank, while they can never look to themselves on the concentration of an army at Saloniki, which, at a chosen moment, would undertake an offensive, and on the gathering of Russians at Bessarabia.

It is anticipated, therefore, that the Germans will strike at Saloniki before the Anglo-French forces grow too strong, and, it is believed, with that end in view, they are now negotiating with the Greek government.

If their plan include the participation of the Bulgarians in the attack, they are likely to meet with opposition from Greece, as Greece is strongly averse to any Bulgarians crossing her frontier. This applies also, to some extent, to the Austrians, whose ambitions always have been for a port on the Aegean, preferably Saloniki.

On the whole, therefore, it is thought here that the Greeks might prefer to see the entente remain there until the end of the war. In fact, Lord Robert Cecil, under secretary of foreign affairs, said in the house of commons that the Anglo-French plan was to keep the central powers from that city, in accordance with the wishes of Greece.

Reports that the Germans are preparing for an offensive in the west port, but thus far there has been little but artillery engagements and naval fights and raids.

General Townshend, commanding the British forces in Mesopotamia, reports the capture of another attack at Kut-el-Amara, since which the Turks have been quiet.

Half Success French

London, Dec. 16.—After months of function on the Franco-Belgian front, which has aroused curiosity and criticism in neutral lands and created a feeling of confidence in the central empires, Great Britain has at last made a change of field commanders.

Field Marshal French, by official order issued from the war office last night, is relieved of his command of the British forces in France and Flanders, and will be succeeded by General Haig, one of Kitchener's heroes of the Soudan, and one of the first of British leaders to win renown in the early days of the present war.

Body Found Packed in Trunk

Philadelphia, Dec. 17.—Doubtless up in a brass-bound steamer trunk, the body of a man was discovered, buried beneath the floor of an old building in the northeastern section of the city by workmen engaged in remodelling the structure.

Ex-Senator Cockrell Dead

Washington, Dec. 14.—Francis M. Cockrell, former United States senator from Missouri, died here. Prominent as a Democrat, he represented Missouri in Washington for thirty years. He was born in Missouri in 1834.

Gallant Work by Coast Guard

Washington, Dec. 13.—How the United States coast guard saved the lives of 1500 persons and gave aid in distress to vessels and cargoes valued at \$11,088,730 in the last fiscal year is set forth in an annual report.

King George Almost Well

London, Dec. 14.—King George, who suffered severe injury by being thrown from his horse at the British front in France, Oct. 28, has recovered sufficiently to take up affairs of state under certain restrictions.

Robberies on the New Haven

Providence, Dec. 17.—New Haven railroad officials report the road has been robbed of \$18,000 worth of goods from cars in the last three months from Midway, Conn., to New Haven.

Death of Rabbi Elkin

Hartford, Dec. 13.—Dr. Meyer Elkin, one of the best known rabbis in New England, died here last night after an operation. He was 75 years old and was born in Germany.

Tanker Communipaw is Safe

Washington, Dec. 17.—Safe arrival at Algiers of the American tank steamer Communipaw, variously reported attacked by a submarine, sunk and safe, was reported to the state department by the American consul at that port.

BANDITS CAUGHT IN MAINE WOODS

Bad Killed Policeman and Station Agent at Portland

PUT UP DESPERATE BATTLE

Both Badly Wounded in Hand-to-Hand Fight With Police and Posse of Citizens—Foreigners Not at Liberty Very Long After Having Committed Double Crime

Portland, Me., Dec. 17.—After a desperate gun battle in which Patrolman Charles E. McIntosh and Station Agent Ernest Winslow were killed, two bandits were captured by the police in the woods near Riverton park. They gave their names as Peter Petropulos of Lowell, Mass., and Louis J. Petropulos of Augusta, Me.

The men were captured after a hand-to-hand fight with the police and a large posse of citizens who pursued them after they had attempted to blow the safe at the West Falmouth station of the Maine Central railway. The bandits were both badly wounded, but are expected to recover.

Winslow and McIntosh met their death in a field in the North Decatur section of the city.

When he went to work at the station Winslow found that the robbery had broken in. He telephoned for help and when McIntosh arrived they trailed the bandits.

Both shot opened fire and when the bandits were over Winslow was dealt with two bullets in his side and McIntosh was dying from shots through the head and chest and a stab wound in the abdomen.

The bandits then fled through the woods to a point near Riverton park, where they again made a desperate fight before a posse of police and citizens rushed and overpowered them.

After their capture the arrested men admitted the killing of Winslow and McIntosh, according to the police.

The police said said that the two men claimed to have been wandering about the state looking for work but unable to find it. They told the police that they had planned to go to Massachusetts.

It is supposed that McIntosh was shot to death as he rushed on the men and that Winslow grappled one of them and was killed by the other when the police officer had been disposed of.

The country around Falmouth is wild, though cut by fine roads and with summer cottages scattered through it.

ADVOCATES STRONG NAVY

Dewey Says Massachusetts Coast Is Especially Vulnerable

Washington, Dec. 17.—Only a navy strong enough to meet on equal terms the navy of the strongest probable adversary could prevent the landing of hostile forces at a large number of important points on the Atlantic seaboard, according to a letter from Admiral Dewey to Congressman Gardner of Massachusetts, read to the house.

The coast of Massachusetts, says Dewey, is especially vulnerable, and he also cites "the eastern end and south shore of Long Island and the Delaware and Chesapeake bays. The admiral declares that our fleet should be as strong as our strongest adversary."

MAY LEAVE IN SECURITY

British Safe Conducts Are Granted to Boy-Ed and Von Papen

Washington, Dec. 16.—The British embassy received from London authorization to issue safe conduct to Captains Boy-Ed and von Papen, the withdrawn German naval and military attaches.

The safe conduct will be unconditional, it having been decided by the allies not to require the officers to give assurances that they will refrain from participation in the war after reaching Germany.

Issuance of safe conduct to their successors has not yet been considered. No request has been made.

Kills Self and Child

Boston, Dec. 13.—Grief over the death of her mother two months ago is believed to have caused Mrs. Annie F. Carter to take the life of herself and her 18-months-old daughter by gas poisoning at their home, 160 G street, South Boston.

Cadets Ousted For Hazing

Washington, Dec. 13.—President Wilson dismissed three cadets from the Annapolis naval academy at the request of Secretary of the Navy Daniels. The dismissed cadets were implicated in the hazing cases.

Wilson Prepares For Honeymoon

Washington, Dec. 16.—President Wilson has begun conferences with heads of various departments in an effort to clear up pending matters before he leaves on his honeymoon trip Saturday night.

France to Recognize Carranza

Paris, Dec. 16.—The French government decided to give official recognition to the Carranza government in Mexico.

Ex-Senator Hale Seriously Ill

Washington, Dec. 17.—Former Senator Hale of Maine is seriously ill at his home here. Owing to his advanced age, 79 years, little hope is held out for his recovery.

New President of Switzerland

Berne, Dec. 17.—Camillo de Coppel was elected president of the Swiss Republic, and Edmund Schulthess vice president.

CLOSE TO BREAK WITH AUSTRIA

Ancona Reply Will Be Rejected by United States

NOT DISPOSED TO PARLEY

Washington Officials at Loss to Find Room For Discussion or Dispute of Facts—Lansing's Note the Most Vigorous of All American Correspondence of the War

Washington, Dec. 17.—Austria's reply to Secretary Lansing's note on the Ancona is regarded as wholly unsatisfactory, unacceptable and disappointing to the United States. Diplomatic relations between the two countries may safely be described as standing at the breaking point.

It is stated authoritatively that the United States will enter into no exchange of opinions and absolutely will decline to discuss the facts of the torpedoing and shelling of the Ancona by an Austrian submarine with consequent loss of American lives.

The suggestion for an exchange of opinions, the virtual request for a bill of particulars of the American complaint against the action of the submarine commander, and the proposal for a discussion of the facts are to be refused.

It was made clear that the United States does not propose to enter into a diplomatic discussion which would have possibilities of being protracted almost indefinitely.

At Secretary Lansing's insistence in his note on the official statement of the Austrian admiral himself, American officials are at a loss to understand where there is much room for discussion or dispute of facts.

News received from Vienna that the submarine which sank the Ancona was missing led some officials to believe that a new element had been introduced into the dispute which had promised of carrying some weight. That point, however, seems to have been disregarded in Austria's answer.

American officials believe that, taking as a basis the official admission of the Austrian admiral that the Ancona was shelled, torpedoed and sunk while passengers were still aboard, there is little room for discussion of Lansing's contention that the commander violated the principles of international law and humanity and that it was "wantonly slaughter of defenseless non-combatants."

Officials point out that a thoroughly unsatisfactory and unresponsive reply from Austria would bring diplomatic relations between the two countries to a crisis because of the closing words of Lansing's note, which declared that "good relations between the two countries rest upon a common regard for law and humanity," and that Austria, appreciating the gravity of the case, "will accede to its (the United States') demand promptly."

Specifically, the note demanded denouncing the sinking of the Ancona as "an illegal and indefensible act," the punishment of the commander who "perpetrated the deed," and the payment of an indemnity to those Americans who suffered.

The note stands as the most vigorous of all the American correspondence of the war and was not equalled even by the note at the close of the submarine controversy with Germany.

Austria's diplomatic relations with the United States since the recall of Ambassador Dumba for his connection with plots to cripple American munitions plants have been maintained by the embassy here with Baron Zwedlinsk as chargé d'affaires.

The state department has received no official information from its own sources that American Ambassador Penfield at Vienna has been handed the reply. From Zwedlinsk, however, came the information that the reply had been delivered.

Zwedlinsk received a wireless message from his government calling his attention to the reply and giving him, it was believed, certain instructions as to what course to pursue. Zwedlinsk called upon Lansing twice yesterday following the receipt of the wireless dispatch. On both occasions he discussed the situation informally and received additional light on the views which this government holds.

New Record in Farm Products Washington, Dec. 15.—Secretary Houston's annual report places an estimate of \$9,873,000,000 on the value of American farm crops and animal products for last year, a valuation without precedent. This, however, probably will be eclipsed by the present year's showing.

Slaughter of Armenians

London, Dec. 16.—Lord Bryce has issued a further report on the Armenian atrocities. In this he gives the estimate of a competent observer, placing the destruction of life at nearly 1,000,000, practically half the population of Armenia.

The Universal theatre building, Boston, Me., suffered \$5000 damage by fire.

George Metcalf, 16, while skating at Norwood, Mass., broke through the ice and was drowned.

John Buckley, general secretary of the Irish National Foresters, died at Somerville, Mass. He was a native of Cork.

Mrs. Eva H. Minot, 39, died at Quincy, Mass., of a fractured skull received by falling down stairs.

Miss Elizabeth A. Moore, 70, died at Brockton, Mass., as a result of injuries sustained when she was struck by a trolley car.

Death of Rabbi Elkin

Hartford, Dec. 13.—Dr. Meyer Elkin, one of the best known rabbis in New England, died here last night after an operation. He was 75 years old and was born in Germany.

Tanker Communipaw is Safe

Washington, Dec. 17.—Safe arrival at Algiers of the American tank steamer Communipaw, variously reported attacked by a submarine, sunk and safe, was reported to the state department by the American consul at that port.

OLD MAN CHARGED WITH KIDNAPPING

Mysteriously Left Lowell With Two Little Girls

Lowell, Mass., Dec. 17.—The Lowell police secured a warrant for the arrest of David D. Wilson, a Civil war veteran, on a charge of kidnapping Eddie and Vilian James, 11 and 9 years old, who, with the old man, disappeared last Friday.

The police say they have traced the old man to Fitchburg, that he left the two girls with him there, and that he boarded a train for North Adams.

The police have learned that Wilson called at several ticket agencies on Friday. At one place he asked the price of a fare to Fitzgerald, Ga., and at another he asked for maps of the Virginia territory.

Wilson is a familiar figure in the streets of Lowell, where for several months he sold ballads. He drew \$10 in pension money on Dec. 4. He is about 72 years old, slight of build, under medium height, of a limping gait. He has a white beard and restless eyes.

BIG GAME SEASON ENDS

Eleven Maine Hunters Killed by Wounds and One Drowned

Hanover, Me., Dec. 16.—The big game season in this state ended last evening. Statistics at hand indicate a total kill of 8000 to 10,000 deer in the entire state. No moose have been killed this year, as they are protected for four years.

There have been twelve fatalities to hunters, one by drowning and eleven by gunshot wounds, some of which were due to accidental discharge or guns and others to mistakes on the part of other hunters.

CRAZED BY JEALOUSY

Maine Man Kills Bride and Self and Shoots Two Youths

Bangor, Me., Dec. 17.—Frank Grotto, 22, shot two men he believed to be admirers of his bride of a few months, killed his 20-year-old wife as she fled from the South Ethna farmhouse in which they lived, then shot a bullet into his own brain and dropped dead across her body.

Arthur Symonds, 19, one of the two brothers of whom Grotto had been jealous, is dying. His brother, Leslie, 20, was shot in the back, but will recover.

Fire in Marine Hospital

Boston, Dec. 17.—Lives of fifty patients in the Marine hospital in Chelsea were endangered about midnight when fire started in a storage room on the first floor. Commandant Brown aroused nurses and doctors and supervised the work of transferring the patients, many of them seriously ill, to the isolation hospital. The building was ruined.

Peyton Stays the Limit

Boston, Dec. 17.—Boston wrestling fans got their first glimpse in this city of a Ju Jitsu bout in full operation when Jack Peyton, known as the European champion, stayed the limit of twenty minutes with Taro Myaki, the Japanese holder of the world's title, in a time match.

Must Pay \$5100 Auto Damages

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 16.—Porter L. Newton was awarded a verdict of \$5000 damages against Edward F. McSweeney by a jury here. Mrs. Newton was awarded \$100 damages against McSweeney. They sued for damages as the result of an automobile collision.

Recluse Burns to Death

Old Bill's Gift

By Octavia Roberts

(Copyright by Western Newspaper Union.) Bill, more familiarly "Old Bill"—he had never been known to mention a family name—looked around his "haven of holiday comfort," as he termed it, with a chuckle of supreme satisfaction.

"It's great!" he gloated, "with only one thing missing—a Christmas tree."

Bill was a character. The townspeople designated him a tramp. Some how, however, the appellation did not seem to fit. He did not drink nor swear. He did not beg. His willing ways had made him popular, and when Bill was "down on his luck" and passed a doorway hungry-looking, his wants were generally provided for unsolicited.

It was the day before Christmas. Behind the patient gleam in "Old Bill's" eyes lurked some sentiment of memory that impelled him to celebrate. This special year he had been preparing for the event with the eager ardor of a school boy. Bill had made no confidants. Quietly and enjoyably he had laid his plans.

These were now perfected. A week back Bill had "gone to house-keeping." He had discovered an old abandoned barn just beyond the town limits. The lower part had lost doors and windows and was bleak and cheerless indeed. A rickety stairs, however, led to a room in one corner of the loft. It was cozy and warm and at one time had been a harness room. Here Bill had "camped." He had fished out an old oil stove, a cot, a table and chair from the town dump heap.

A particular housewife had presented him with a roasted chicken because one side was slightly charred. On the rude table beside it were half a dozen, homemade doughnuts and a real mince pie.

Bill took a last look at the goodly array of comfort then went out to seek a branch of arbor vitae which would serve as a Christmas tree.

As he neared the barn on his return he came to a speedy halt.

A light glowed over at one corner of the place. It proceeded from a lantern set in the feed box of a manger. In the manger itself across the stable hay it contained a blanket was spread, and, swathed in coverings upon this, as revealed by the lantern rays, lay a little sleeping babe.

Near by a serious-faced man was shaking the snow from his shoulders. Beside him, seated on an old suitcase, was a comely but care-worn woman. The man began to speak. Bill, aghast, drew into the shadow and listened. It was to hear enough to learn that bad luck was driving these homeless ones from their former home, penniless, on foot, to the father of the wife, ten miles further on. The storm had driven them to temporary shelter.

The husband and father had taken a well-thumbed volume from his pocket. He began reading aloud. It was of "an upper room," of a master and his beloved disciples, of a supper never to be forgotten in the memory of mankind.

Bill stood like one transfixed. What tender chord had been struck that he closed his eyes! He was back forty years in memory, at his mother's knee. How vivid, how appealing—a picture she had shown him of the Christ-child in a manger, of the devoted father and mother, as here before him, a prototype of that holy eve so real, so touching—the First Christmas!

A mighty thought moved him as he quietly spoke:

"Friend, upstairs you will find comfort till the storm is over. Call it a Christmas greeting—see?" and was gone.

"I'll strike out for Farmer Dale's haymow," shivered Bill, after half an hour's desultory wandering, and he turned about—to start, to shout out, and then to run.

For there in the distance the familiar farmhouse showed no illumination within, but beyond it a glare shot up—a haystack on fire!

Bill reached the farmyard. The wind had blown the flames against one gable of the house and it was burning. He ran to the stable for a pitchfork. Then began a fierce battle. Bucket after bucket of water he carried. The last spark was dashed out, and Bill sank exhausted to the ground as the farmer and his family, visiting at a neighbor's and attracted by the blaze, came rushing upon the scene.

"Yes," declared Farmer Dale, two hours later, as he showed Bill up the stairs and into a comfortable chamber, "this is your room, and you will sleep here, and you're a free boarder long as you like, understand? Why, there's no house to sleep in if it wasn't for you!"

Old Bill was a long time getting into bed. Like to a child he sank into a peaceful slumber, his softened spirit in radiant dreams wandering through that "upper room" filled with the souls of those, however humble, who had helped to make true "Peace on earth good will to men."

Obeying Directions.

"Good heavens, John, what made you pick out such an ugly woman to send home? She scared the baby almost into fits."

"Just do what you told me, Maria. You said you wanted a plain cook, and I got the plainest one to be had."—Baltimore American.

Under the Mistletoe

By M. P. Heatherington

(Copyright by Western Newspaper Union.) It was an ideal Yuletide. The sweet notes of church chimes throbbed out melodiously, "Peace on earth, good will to men," announced it; laughter, smiles, gay greetings among the street crowds emphasized it. Two men going in the same direction, strangers one to the other, yet oddly mutually involved in a fateful circumstance of the hour, unconsciously lessened their gait to catch the final notes from the distant belfry.

He conference at the capitol was short and very much to the point. It was pointed out with painful decisiveness to the Senior General Fernandez that hereinafter he would have to make his ragged army respect the rights of U. S. A.

The pill that General Fernandez was thus made to swallow was not sugar coated, but it unquestionably did him good. He went down the White House steps that day before Christmas a sadder and a wiser man. However the dictator of Mexico was a philosopher.

General Fernandez muffed his face deep in the soft warmth of his fur-collared greatcoat, and started off down the avenue.

He had spoken his heart's thought he would have whispered softly:

"Before this hour strikes again I shall have said good-bye to all I love."

He of the sinister semblance strode on and turned into a fashionable residence thoroughfare. Unconsciously like a shadow, the other kept almost even pace with him. Under an arc lamp Chase Merwyn paused to look over the package he carried. His objective point was a mansion, a dazzling place of light and luxury, and before it the sinister-looking man had halted a poorly-dressed fellow struggling along without an overcoat, and blue and pinched with the cold.

The twain were conversing and the man with the box handed it to the other, pointed to the doorway of the

mansion and passed on. His messenger proceeded up the steps, which Merwyn mounted also. It was in time to see a servant open the door and to hear the other say:

"A present for Mr. Worthington; to be opened tomorrow."

"Oh, of course that," smiled the servant, taking the box. "I will place it with the other gifts. Ah, Mr. Merwyn," and the servant stepped aside to admit him.

"For Miss Worthington," said Merwyn, handing his gift to the other. His gift was a picture he had painted, and with it was a letter.

Slowly Merwyn descended the steps. He paused for a few moments on the pavement to take a last look at the home that held so much for him. A slinking figure approached him from the shadows.

"Mister," he stammered, "I'm poor and I need the gold coin a man gave me for delivering a box to that house tonight, but—"

"Ah, I remember!" observed Merwyn, recalling man and circumstance.

"A gold coin is so rare for a trifling service," resumed the other, "that I was suspicious. Then again didn't like the face of the man who gave it to me; I followed him. He met some others like himself. I heard him laugh over an explosion about midnight."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Merwyn, comprehending, and was up the steps in a flash.

"Quick! Quick—open!" he cried to the servant, just setting the chain on the inside.

"The music room!" uttered Merwyn excitedly and hurried thither, turned on the light switch and made a dash for the table. He remembered the shape and size of the box. His eyes made out one corresponding to it.

Merwyn gave it a ring through the window, there was a flash, and outside a detonation that shook the house. Some flying object thudded against his head and he fell to the floor.

It was Christmas day when he opened his eyes. He lay upon a couch pulled directly under the chandelier. Daylight was streaming into the room. The wrecked window-frame was barricaded. His head was bandaged, and seated at a little distance was Esther. "Oh, I am so glad!" she cried as she noticed that his eyes had opened. "The surgeon has just left, and papa—he says you saved us all and that you are a hero! And the beautiful picture you intended for me—it was riddled with window glass, but—I found the letter. Why did you write so sadly?"

"Because—because I feared to write all the truth," Merwyn confessed.

"The man who warned you told us enough to have us guess the truth," spoke Ethel, confusedly changing the subject, and then she followed the glance of Merwyn. His eyes rested on the mistletoe right over his head.

"Why this is Christmas morning, sure enough,"uttered Esther, "and we are the first!"

"Ethel," spoke Merwyn irresistibly, "I love you!"

His arms were lifted towards her and a world of pleading was in his longing eyes. She did not hesitate. Their lips met that strangely beautiful Christmas morn—under the mistletoe.

She Was Right.

Teacher—Now, Dorothy, tell me how many bones you have? Dorothy—Two hundred and eight. Teacher—That's not right. There are only 207. Dorothy (with great delight)—But I swallowed a fish bone this morning!—Indianapolis Star.

Santa From the South

By Delysie Ferree Cass

(Copyright by Western Newspaper Union.) While the newspapers throughout the United States were busily announcing the warlike operations of Gen. Sancho Fernandez here, there and elsewhere that December, it was a fact that the revolutionary dictator of Mexico was really in Washington, D. C., where he had been peremptorily summoned by the president.

His conference at the capitol was short and very much to the point. It was pointed out with painful decisiveness to the Senior General Fernandez that hereinafter he would have to make his ragged army respect the rights of U. S. A.

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"A present for Mr. Worthington; to be opened tomorrow."

"Oh, of course that," smiled the servant, taking the box. "I will place it with the other gifts. Ah, Mr. Merwyn," and the servant stepped aside to admit him.

"For Miss Worthington," said Merwyn, handing his gift to the other. His gift was a picture he had painted, and with it was a letter.

Slowly Merwyn descended the steps. He paused for a few moments on the pavement to take a last look at the home that held so much for him. A slinking figure approached him from the shadows.

"Mister," he stammered, "I'm poor and I need the gold coin a man gave me for delivering a box to that house tonight, but—"

"Ah, I remember!" observed Merwyn, recalling man and circumstance.

"A gold coin is so rare for a trifling service," resumed the other, "that I was suspicious. Then again didn't like the face of the man who gave it to me; I followed him. He met some others like himself. I heard him laugh over an explosion about midnight."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Merwyn, comprehending, and was up the steps in a flash.

"Quick! Quick—open!" he cried to the servant, just setting the chain on the inside.

"Child, I'm a stranger here and I'm over so lonely. Everybody else has a welcoming home tonight—but someone to whom he can give presents and know that they'll be appreciated. It's Christmas eve and I too want to get myself for a while and play Santa Claus for somebody."

"If I really thought y' meant all that," muttered the wail skeptically, "I'd say, why not practice some o' y'r good intentions on me. Lordy knows, I need 'em."

The dictator's face became radiant. He laughed wholeheartedly as he had not done before in years and took one of the wee girl's half-frozen hands and set it kindly within his big gloved one.

"It shall all be just as you say," he cried, much to her astonishment. "Come along with me now—first somewhere to get you a warm coat and hood and some fury mittens. Then we'll go to a fine restaurant. And after you've eaten every bit you can hold, we'll go see the toys and you can pick out your own present."

"Y'r not kiddin' me, mister?"

"On my honor, no."

"Then, if it's all the same to you, let's hit the toy departments first. I've had m' eye on a big yellow-headed doll—real hair it is, too!—there in the Emporium fr' six months."

"Well do just as you say, kiddle, but on one condition."

"What's that, mister?"

"You must tell me that you don't believe all the things you said about General Fernandez of Mexico."

"I'll call him Santa Claus if that'll suit y' any better, mister."

"Under present circumstances that name strikes me as quite appropriate for him," murmured the dictator. "But come on now. It's going to be a really merry Christmas after all."

Garbage For the Dogs.

Instead of throwing her kitchen refuse into a garbage receptacle the poor Constantiople housewife puts it into a sort of kennel outside her door for the wandering dogs of the city.

The foundations of Justice are that no one shall suffer wrong; then that the public good shall be promoted.—Cicero

A Frozen Santa

By Harry Boehme

"I was in a Cheat mountain camp last Christmas eve when someone mentioned the name of 'Billie' Burke. There was an instant stillness in the cabin; the boys dropped their cards, and the words 'poor Billie' were on almost every lip. I was somewhat puzzled. 'Who was Billie Burke?' I inquired. For a moment no one answered. One of the boys called out old Sam—'Uncle Sam' they called him. 'You tell him, Sam; you knew Billie longer than any of us.'

"The boys all drew their chairs near the fire and Sam told the story.

"Yes, I knew Billie from the time he was a wee shaver; me and him used to pel each other with stones, tree cones and steal whisky together. You know Bill and his pop were in the moonshinin' business before the revenue officers copped it.

"A bad cuss was that young Billie Burke before he was sent to the reform school. But what changes did he have? He knew no better; the whole blooming family were in that one-roomed log house; the old lady digging ginseng in the summer to get enough to buy the winter's supply of snuff and chewing tobacco, and the old man running his still in the ravine, using the corn for whisky that should have made pony cakes for the kids.

"General Fernandez muffed his face deep in the soft warmth of his fur-collared greatcoat, and started off down the avenue.

"The jolly, free-handed Christmas spirit was contagious, but it made him feel very lonely. He wanted a comrade—someone, anyone, in all this big, busy city, simply as a friend and not as the celebrated General Fernandez.

"He came to a street corner where he heard his own name shouted in a shrill, childlike voice close by.

"Huxtree there, people! Huxtree pooper! Spend a cent and read all about General Fernandez the Mexican butcher! He's murderin' women and babies down there right now! Big battle at Guadalupe; three hundred killed! Huxtree here, all about the bloody General Fernandez!"

"While he was at home the last time he met the schoolmarm of the Red Sulphur Spring school and he fell in love. I suppose, though, he never said anything to no one but me; he said it to me real earnestly. Any gal would have been proud to have Billie:

"A straight, strong, clean and good-hearted boy. Why, the president's daughter wouldn't say no to him.

"I can see him yet as he left this camp the last day I ever seed him. I done told him to wait for the log train that went at noon; but he couldn't wait. He started over the short-cut trail to Durbin—a six-mile tramp. There was somethin' in the air; I thought it was snow. There seemed a terrible silence over the whole woods when Billie left at dawn. That was the last time I seed him alive. 'Good-bye, Uncle Sam!' he shouted from the hill as he waved his hand; and a merry Christmas to you; and don't get drunk. Be sure to make good resolutions for the New Year. Good-bye!"

"He stopped at the Widow Jones' house on his way to Durbin, and she made him drink a cup of hot coffee, which she and the kiddies were having at breakfast. Then he told her about the Christmas he expected to spend at home. He was just bubbling over with joy, and the widow started to cry. At Christmas, she said, the thoughts of the ones that are departed are green in one's memory as the holly leaves that grow on the holly tree, and like a circle of holly leaves are they entwined in a wreath of memory.

"Then Billie tried to comfort her, and asked her why she was crying. She said that her kiddies wanted to know about Santa Claus because the Paxson children, who went sledding on the hill, told them what Santa was going to bring them, and they asked their maw when Santa was coming to them. She told them that he wasn't coming; there wasn't going to be any Christmas for them because they were poor.

"Then that stuck in Billie's craw, and he said he would go to Durbin and get something for 'em, and could still make No. 9 train in the afternoon for home.

Charles M. Cole,

PHARMACIST,

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I'd Rather Be Square.

I'd like to be rich, and I wonder who wouldn't, And yet if it cost me what some people pay, I'd like to be rich and find that I couldn't. There's too much worth while that is lost by the way.

To sacrifice friends and ideals to sur- render— My heart and my conscience, my soul and my mind— And sell all my dreams for a dollar- marked splendor. Would leave me poor for the riches I'd find.

I'd like to be rich, there is pleasure in money— It's good stuff to have, and it's good stuff to spend, It helps you to pay for your milk and your honey, And gives you a chance to be nice to a friend.

I'd like to be rich, but I'd never be willing To pay such a price as some men do for gold— The cost is too high and the pace is too killing, And too many things must be bartered and sold.

Two Golden Days.

There are two days of the week upon which and about which I never worry, two care-free days kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these is Yesterday. Yesterday with all its cares and frets, with all its pains and aches, all its faults, its mistakes and blunders, has passed beyond the reach of my recall. I can not undo an act that I wrought. I cannot unsay a word that I said on Yesterday. All that it holds of life, of regret and sorrow, is in the hand of the Mighty Love that can bring sweet慰 to the bitterest desert—the love that can make the wrong things right, that can turn weeping into laughter, that can give beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, joy of the morning for the woe of night.

Save for the beautiful memories that linger, sweet and tender like the perfume of roses, in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday.

And the other day I do not worry about is Tomorrow. Tomorrow, with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its large promises and poor performance, its failures and mistakes, is as far beyond the reach of my mastery as its dead sister—Yesterday. Its sun will rise in roseate splendor, or beyond a mask of weeping clouds. But it will rise. Until then the same love and patience that held yesterday, and holds tomorrow, shines with tender promise into the heart of today. I have no possession in that unborn day of grace. All else is in the infinite keeping of that Infinite Love that holds for me the treasure of yesterday, the love that is higher than the stars, wider than the sky, deeper than the seas.

There is left for myself, then, but one day of the week—today. Any man can fight the battles of today. Any woman can carry the burdens of just one day.—ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Building up Her Words.

A certain little Columbus school girl is learning things, both at school and on the street, as a recent happening demonstrates, says the Dispatch. The knowledge she picked up at school; the phrase regarding the cat she heard either from some older child or from some careless elder.

"Mother what does f-a-t spell?" she asked the other night, on coming home from school.

"Why, 'fat,' my dear," replied the mother.

"And what does b-e-r spell?" came the second inquiry.

"Her," again vouchsafed the informant.

"Now I know I was right, and that old cat of a teacher tried to make me believe that those letters spelled father!" exclaimed the child with not a little indignation.

Original Plot.

"The principal thing I don't like about these moving pictures shows," said the fat plumber, "is the similarity of plot. They all seem to begin the same and all have the same old ending."

"Well," the thin carpenter returned. "I suppose it is pretty hard to think up something original."

"I don't see why."

"Perhaps you could do the trick yourself."

"I think I could."

"Well, let's hear you tackle it."

"I'd have a waitress for the heroine."

"Nothing particularly novel in that."

"And a cook for the villainess."

"Why a cook?"

"That is where the plot comes in. You see the cook gets jealous of the waitress and puts fish bones in the hero's mashed potatoes."

Joy for One at Least.

A minister meeting a parishioner of his who had been quite recently married and about whose domestic happiness terrible stories were ripe, saluted him and said:

"Well, John," says he, "and how is all going on?"

"Oh, happily enough," returns John.

"I'm glad to hear it. You know there were rumors of rows or—"

"Rows," says John. "Oh, yes, there are plenty of rows; whenever she sees me she catches the first thing to hand, a dish or anything, and fires it at me. If she hits me she's happy; if she doesn't, I am! Oh, we're getting on fine,"—Tit-Bits.

Didn't Watch His Step.

On New Year's morning a Kentucky colonel, who is a regular guest of a Louisville hotel, came down to breakfast with a bandaged hand.

"What's the matter with the hand?" asked several friends.

"Confound it all," exclaimed the colonel. "We had a party last night, and one of the younger men got intoxicated and trod on my hand as he was walking across the room."—Argonaut.

Contentment.

My home is on the mountain steep; I see rabbits in the deep, And as I pluck them from the boughs, I feed them to the angry cows, Then to my Eulalie I hi— And drink a slice of catfish pie.

Interruptions.

Tell us from what sea isle Thetis, the billows moan— ("I say, old fellow—" Thus your fate is Let's see what's on the telephone." Let's see little Thetis, tell us—

Do you sport there in the spray— ("Hello! What's that you want to sell us? Shoestrings? No, please go away.)

Do you spend your time a-playing With the Oceanides? ("Pardon me, what's that you're saying?" Doctor's office? Next door, please?)

From the distant shores of Paeas, Where the seal flocks still are met— ("If those office boys don't spare us— All right. TAKE a cigarette.)

Maybe in some deep sea palace, Where Triton blows his wretched horn— ("This next is written without malice— Why were book agents ever born?)

Well, little daughter of the ocean, Let Neptune rule it o'er the storms, The foreman seems to have the notion That I'm holding back the forms,

The Rural Church.

Is the rural church passing? Are the days of good, old fashioned religion a thing of the past? So it would seem from a reading of the report of President Kenyon L. Butterfield of the Massachusetts Agricultural College to the Commission on Church and County Life.

Butterfield declares that the rural church must become a community institution and through its preacher and lay members promote the causes of good roads, better farming, agricultural college extension courses, temperance, public health, community beautification and planning, promotion of co-operation among farmers for buying, selling and recreation centers.

Such radical change from a house where God is supposed to be worshipped to one where purely secular matters are discussed is bound to cause a widespread opposition among the religious.

Many students of religion claim that the decline of the country church began when pulpits were thrown open to politicians—when the local minister attempted to dictate political elections—when the church became a political forum.

There is a sound basis for this claim. Men go to church to be told of God and spiritual matters. They want to pray, to put their house in order, to hesitate in the mad rush for the necessities and luxuries of life to think of the future life. When this is denied them, and, in its place, a minister delivers a political talk, urging them to vote for this candidate or for that cause in the name of religion, the religious man rightfully resents the assumed leadership of the preacher and, as a result, stays at home to commune with his God.

It is a fact that two-thirds of the rural churches have ceased to grow and that 83 per cent. have a membership of less than 100. To change the country church to a community house may result in much temporal benefit to the communities in which the house may be located, but what of the church?

The anti-religious could find no better way to hasten the complete disruption of the church.

Wedding Anniversary.

"Well, Dinah, what takes you out this evening?" said a young matron of Franklin Avenue last evening as her blackfaced helper came around the corner of the porch. The latter was very much dressed up in her new fall felt and old raincoat. Under her arm she bunged something in a big flour sack.

"Why, Ah's giving to a deception," said the right-hand helper, beaming "to a weddin' deception. Want to see de fin'ry Ah's giving to bless de happy marr'd lady with, chit?"

"Sure, let's see it."

After much unwrapping "Old Mammy" produced a big glass dish pressed in very fancy designs.

"It's de wooden wedding" anniversary, but de ole girl done say she wanted glass pre'nt from de company, so Ah's tot'n her dis el'gance."

Admiring the gift the young stay-at-homes instructed Dinah to wish the wooden-wedded pair well, at least until they caught up with their glass wedding anniversary.

"Gawd, bless yo' sweet lives, she ain't nevah seen the old good fo' nothin' niggah dat she unified up at de altah wit' 'sense de ebein' ofstah de person committed de deed. Ah mus' be a shufflin' along."—Columbus Dispatch.

A Prime Article.

He was gotten up regardless, as he walked into the private office of the leading woman suffragist. Bowing and placing his hand on his heart, he said, earnestly:

"Madam, I have come to ask from you the hand of your fair daughter. She tells me that she has the right to accept me without your consent, but we both feel that as a matter of courtesy to you, your blessing should be obtained."

"Have you your eugenic certificate?"

"Right here, madam. Think you will find it correct in every particular."

"And your financial rating?"

"These papers give a list of my holdings, together with my references from leading bankers."

"Ah, yes. And your pedigree?"

"I'm in this chart. That red spot in the center, about half way along, is where Adam fell."

"Seems correct. Will you walk back and forth easily and naturally, for a few moments?"

"Certainly, madam."

"Ah! That will do. And now, young man, you wish to have my decision?"

"If you please."

"My daughter has made the mistake of her life. She can never marry you."

"But why, madam?"

"Well, if you must know, I've decided to take you myself."—Life.

Very Grewsome.

Col. E. M. House, discussing his peace mission in Europe, said:

"The French soldiers, by the way, are called pollux—whiskers, as we might say. In the trenches, you see, the gay French soldiers all grow beards. To see a slender lad of 23 or 24 with an enormous black beard covering his chest—well, it's like the story:

"'Willie,' said an etymologist with the word 'grewsome' in it."

"The soldier," Willie answered, "stopped shaving and grew some whiskers."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Barney—Your wife is sick, Mike. Is it dangerous she is?

Mike—Divil a bit. She's too weak to be dangerous now.—Judge.

Contentment.

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